**with this bite I thee wed forevermore**

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# with this bite I thee wed forevermore

by TheSilverQueen

Summary

Will Graham promised his father on his dying bed to never give in and allow himself to be Changed into an Other: either a vampire or a werewolf. He makes sure that he carries silver and dead man's blood, and he wears horrible cologne so that they can't smell him. Then, of course, he meets Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

Happy Hanniween!!! This is my entry to #VampireHannibalFest! Originally I had about 5 ideas, and this was the only one that resolved itself in roughly 5k, so by default it won XD.

I dedicate this to my darling Victorine, who put up with me when I frantically messaged her at like 2-3AM being like "I NEED HELP WITH VAMPIRE HANNIBAL RIGHT NOW WHAT DO I DO HEEELLLPPPPP"

Inspiration for this fic came from several places:
- Twilight
- Teen Wolf
- the Overly Sarcastic Productions Dracula Halloween special
- An Accident of Circumstance by manic_intent (It's Charles/Erik from the X-Men fandom, but if you're into that, I recommend it. And manic, they're an excellent author)

See the end of the work for more notes

The first time Will meets a vampire, it's as a pair of glowing red eyes in the darkness. The eyes never blink like a regular animal, which is what clues Will in that he's looking at something unnatural.

His father had went back to the kitchen to get more marshmallows for s'mores. Will is all alone by the fire.

Will turns and says, "Dad?"

His father emerges onto the porch and follows Will's outstretched finger to the darkness. The eyes aren't hard to spot. His father swings his shotgun up and cocks it, loudly enough that any human at such a distance could hear the sound, never mind an animal or one of the Others.

"We've got no interest in becoming one of you," his father says loudly. "Now get outta here. I've got silver and dead man's blood and cold iron, and you won't like any of them."

A shadow detaches from the trees and comes closer. Now the red eyes are joined by a slash posing as a mouth, decorated with two bright white fangs, and clothes that are bloody and ripped. It's a far cry from the dignified, put-together, closed-mouth smiling pictures Will has seen in school when learning about the Others. And this one isn't even feral, because it opens its mouth and speaks.

"But your boy's blood sings so beautifully," the shadow rasps. "How could anyone resist?"

"He's too young to consent, and I definitely ain't consenting for him," Will's father says. "And you're on my property. If I shoot you and you die, your Clan leader can't avenge you. And trust me, I have good aim."

"Perhaps. But do you have the speed?"

Before it even finishes the sentence, the shadow leaps at Will, who screams.

Will's father squeezes the trigger, and so Will's first close-up actual sight of a vampire is a body, a corpse rotting to bones and ash and shadow that leaks into the ground. In seconds, all that is left is a skull with those two bright white fangs.

"What kind of stupid question is that," Will's father says, and then he heads back inside to call the police and report the killing of a vampire.

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*Pack is to werewolves as Clan is to vampires. However, this is where the similarities between these two Others ends. Werewolves change by moon, while vampires are always in their Other form. Vampires are the undead risen by venom while werewolves are the living changed by virus. Werewolves run higher than average temperatures and consume vast amounts of food to make up for the calories burned by simply existing; vampires run cold as ice and need no sustenance besides blood.*

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The first time Will meets a werewolf, it's as a pair of glowing blue eyes on the other side of the stream. The eyes never blink like a regular animal, which is how Will knows that it is most likely an Other.

His father had waded to shore to get something. Will is all alone in the shallows.

Will turns and says, "Dad?"

His father emerges onto the bank and follows Will's outstretched finger to the darkness. The eyes aren't hard to spot. His father drops his fishing pole and takes out a silver knife, tilting it so that the sunlight casts a glittering reflection into the woods, bright enough that any human at such a distance could see and understand, much less an animal or one of the Others.

"We've got no interest in becoming wolves," his father says loudly. "Now get outta here. I've got a silver knife and a good eye."

A shadow detaches from the trees and comes closer. Now the blue eyes are joined by a drooling maw posing as a mouth, decorated with two rows of gleaming sharp teeth, and patches of fur spread all alongside its body. It's a far cry from the regal, well groomed, four-legged animal pictures Will has seen in school when learning about the Others. And this one isn't even feral, because it opens its mouth and speaks.

"But your boy's scent calls so strongly," the shadow rasps. "How could anyone resist?"

"He's too young to consent, and I definitely ain't consenting for him," Will's father says. "And you're on my property. If I stab you and you die, your Pack leader can't avenge you. And trust me, I have good aim."

"Perhaps. But do you have the strength?"

Before it even finishes the sentence, the shadow leaps at Will, who screams.

Will's father jumps and lands by Will, seizing the shadow by its ruff and stabbing it neatly in the back. He puts all of his strength into the blow, so that the shadow wheezes and collapses with the knife buried to its hilt in the creature's back. And so Will's first close-up actual sight of a werewolf is a body, a corpse rotting to fur and bone and blood that leaks into the ground. In seconds, all that is left is a skull with a few tufts of fur here and there.

"What kind of stupid question is that," Will's father says, and then he heads back to their camp to call the police and report the killing of a werewolf.

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*The war between werewolves and vampires is perhaps the oldest war in human history, where the collateral damage among humankind eventually grew to such proportions that the remainder banded together and armed themselves with dead man's blood and silver to fight back. Perhaps the Others were surprised or perhaps they weren't able to fight effectively on two fronts or maybe they just didn't expect their cannon fodder and dinner appetizers to be more dangerous than their mortal enemies.*

*In the end, though, the results are undeniable: the werewolf-vampire war ended with the truce at Palermo. Each Pack and each Clan gets 50 members; no more and no less. There are of course lone wolves and lone vamps, but since a Clan or Pack begins at two members, usually stronger Clans and Packs will put down or absorb these loners to protect themselves and avoid human retaliation.*

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When Will's father gets ill one winter and then doesn't recover within a week, like he normally does, Will knows that the end is nigh. His father tries to lie, but Will has long since realized that he can see past lies if he applies himself, and his father is definitely lying when he tells Will that he's going to be fine as soon as spring comes.

Will offers up the idea of requesting assistance from the local Pack or Clan. A Change can often save even those on the very doorstep of Death.

He only offers such an idea once.

"Don't you ever give into the Others," Will's father snarls. "That's what your mother did, and look where it got her. Look where it got us. I came into this world as a human, Will, and I'll be damned if I stride into death as anything but a human."

Then he tells Will to fetch his cologne from the bathroom. It's a simple one with a ship on the bottle and gold lettering spelling out a name Will can't pronounce.

"I was like you once," Will's father says. "I used to be so flattered when the mutts and the leeches came up for a sniff. Your mother got jealous, and she petitioned for the Change. Now she's gone. Don't end up like her, Will. You use this, and no matter how good their noses are, they won't go anywhere near you."

"Is it magic?"

"Nope. Just good old human ingenuity. We can't smell it, but they sure as hell can. You promise me, Will. You promise me you'll use it."

"I promise."

By morning, Will's father is dead.

Will wears the cologne to the funeral, and although vampires and werewolves attend the funeral and offer their condolences, not a single one comes anywhere near him.

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*There are many people who desire to join a Clan or Pack, but not all transformations are successful. Some vampires burn away in the moonlight and some werewolves rot away from infections in their own bloodstream. This is why most Clans and Packs screen prospective candidates very carefully, sometimes for decades, before offering the Change.*

*The only consistent aspect of the Change is that if a vampire and a werewolf both agree that the candidate smells appetizing, then that person will successfully develop into a vampire or*

*werewolf – whichever Other convinces them first.*

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The second Will walks into Jack's office, he knows what the other person in the room is. Vampires are always slightly harder to read than humans, and werewolves all too easy. On top of that, he can see the red tint in the man's eyes.

"Oh, absolutely not," Will snaps. "I do not consent."

Without consent, it's illegal to Change a human. There are no exceptions: not for illness, not for death, not for youth. A human in full possession of their senses and faculties must give complete and honest consent, partly to ensure that the Others don't overthrow humanity and partly because those who refuse often fight the Change and end up dead.

Jack looks confused, so apparently he had no idea, but the vampire merely raises one eyebrow.

"I had no intention of offering," he says, all smooth vowels and accented consonants. He's out in the daylight and doesn't seem bothered by the proximity of fresh blood in Jack, so he must be fairly old, but Will's aware of most of the Clans in this area, and he doesn't know this man.

Not that it matters. Will always carries a hunting knife with him, forged from silver and quenched in dead man's blood with a handle of cold iron. It was his most expensive inheritance from his father, and he has never been without it. This vampire surely can sense it, because he subtly leans backwards away from Will.

It's a calculated acknowledgment, but still an acknowledgment.

"Enthrall Jack," Will says. "Do it."

The vampire's other eyebrow goes up, but he doesn't protest. He smoothly turns back around and overrides Jack's increasingly louder demands to know what is going on.

*Jack Crawford,* he says, voice deep and dark and slow like a lullaby in the night, *be silent.*

Jack immediately shuts up.

Will crosses his arms over his chest. "What Clan are you from?"

"You're looking at it," the vampire replies. "My name is Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and I am Clan Lecter."

Interesting. Clans hate loners, and most don't last more than a year or two before another Clan kills them to protect their territory. And attempting to leave a Clan to start your own is basically asking for a painful death. But this vampire is old enough to not burn up in the sunlight, so he's at least a century, so either everyone else in his Clan died or he's powerful enough that his former Clan doesn't dare to attack him.

"Are you here about my empathy or about my scent?"

“Agent Crawford has told me very little. I am here only to assess your mental stability for the field. And to see if what insights I can shake out of the case at hand.” The vampire rises smoothly to his feet. His nostrils flare and his chest expands, and his eyes sharpen. “I gather from your response that you receive attention from quite a few Others. I can smell why.”

Will gapes at him. “Did you seriously just smell me? That’s so rude.”

“I can’t shut my nose off any more than you can.”

“You’re undead,” Will says flatly. “You *don’t need to breathe.*”

“But I remember needing to breathe. The reflex is very strong, just as the reflex to blink or to flinch. And vampires have very long memories.”

The problem with Others is that they don’t have the same sense of personal space like humans do. Werewolves are naturally tactile, so they’ll usually drift closer to be near Pack. Vampires are naturally inclined to enthrall, so they’ll usually drift closer to be near someone they can control.

When Dr. Lecter gets within range, Will lifts his head and makes deliberate eye contact.

Dr. Lecter makes a surprised noise. “You don’t fear enthrallment?”

“Oh, I hate eye contact,” Will says cheerfully. “Sometimes I don’t see enough, but usually I see too much. In this case, I can see the trick before it happens. And it is very, very hard to enthrall someone who knows it’s coming.”

Enthrallment isn’t magic, as much as vampires like to let humans believe it to be. It’s a combination of the timbre of their voice and the beauty of their eyes and the manipulation of the pheromones their bodies release, and just like any magic trick, once you learn to spot distraction hiding the mirror, you can see through the entire routine. And Will’s pretty good at seeing through tricks.

“You build forts,” Dr. Lecter says, his gaze sweeping slowly up and down Will’s body like he has x-ray vision. “You ensure that your mind is protected above all else, because you make associations so quickly that you can shock even yourself, crowding out your mind until there is no space left in your bone area for the things you love. Yet you continue to work with the FBI, where there is no end of shocking associations to be made. I wonder what that says about what you can see, Mr. Graham . . . and what you claim to see.”

“Are you accusing me of lying to the FBI?”

“I am not accusing you of anything. Except of being very interesting.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t find you interesting at all.”

Dr. Lecter smiles. “Agent Crawford wants me to assume the role of mental evaluator and psychiatrist. You need only to find me interesting enough to make the journey to my office for your evaluation.”

“Yeah, no thanks. I have no interest in being psychoanalyzed. You definitely won’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed.”

Will grabs his coat and his bag and heads towards the door.

“Oh, and you can undo the enthrallment on Jack. Good luck explaining it to him.”

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When Will opens the door to see Dr. Lecter standing outside, he’s almost tempted to shut it immediately. But the myth about vampires needing permission was proven false a long time ago, and this close range, vampire speed will beat human reflexes any time.

“Why are you here?” Will sighs.

“Jack is deposed in court. It will for us alone to journey forth today. May I come in?”

Even knowing that Dr. Lecter could physically push past him and enter the room faster than Will could shut the door, he still contemplates shutting it. But he was raised with better manners than that, so he just grunts and lets the door go. If Dr. Lecter is offended by the messiness of Will’s bed or his state of undress, he can deal with it.

Will goes to put on pants and a new shirt, and when he returns, Dr. Lecter has set up what looks like breakfast.

Except this hotel only has continental breakfast, and steaming eggs and sausage is not continental. Even the coffee is in a beautiful mug that Will can picture in Dr. Lecter’s fancy kitchen to match his fancy suit, as opposed to the hotel’s faded lounge where they serve pastries and bagels for breakfast.

“What’s this?”

“A little protein scramble to start the day,” Dr. Lecter answers. He’s now serving himself, because of course he’s just making himself at home in Will’s room.

“I thought most vamps didn’t eat.”

Dr. Lecter looks amused. “It is true that we not require food for sustenance, but it will not harm us to consume it. We break it down and then pass it along our digestive system, rather akin to how humans process cellulose once they consume vegetables. And I find that it is rather more comforting to my human friends to see me partaking of the same food than consuming my actual meal.”

Will snorts, but he still takes a seat. He is kind of hungry. He loads up his fork. “Is that what we are? Friends?”

“Are we not?”

“I just met you, Dr. Lecter.”

“Please; call me Hannibal. And do you really think we could not become friendly?”

“You’re being hired to dig around in my mind,” Will says slowly. “So . . . no. I don’t really like it when people riffle through my mind. It would be like if someone danced on your grave.”

“I have no grave to fit with your metaphor.”

Will pauses with another mouthful of delicious sausage on his fork. “The only vamps who didn’t need to be killed to be changed were the First.” And all of the First vampires are long since dead, just like the First werewolves. What few humans didn’t kill, the other side took down quite efficiently.

“I am aware. But it is very hard to dig a grave in winter.” Dr. Lecter sips placidly at his own coffee. “And although most vampires are buried to ensure success in the Change, there is great debate amongst my kind over whether that is merely tradition or whether it is necessary.”

Will takes another long hard look at Dr. Lecter. Most vampires Changed traumatically are marked by it, and without the stabilizing presence of their sire or dam, they are often the ones to go feral. If someone isn’t mentally prepared before the Change, the effects can be just as damning as those on someone who actively rejects it. Since Dr. Lecter is the sole member of his Clan yet seems completely find in terms of mental stability, that either means his sire or dam were killed or died. Vampires aren’t bothered by cold and they don’t need food, but still need blood. If they couldn’t find a blood source during the winter . . .

Dr. Lecter catches the look. “I am not going to go feral, Will. I once had the honor of holding one of the seats on the vampire council.”

“The seats where members fight to death for the honor?”

“And then must make their way back to the council without harming a single being in their way. Yes.”

The vampire council doesn’t care about bloodlines or age. They used to, once, when the Firsts were still around. But when survival at all costs become paramount, bloodlines fell to the wayside; all that mattered was finding the strongest to lead their kind and ensure that they didn’t all follow their Firsts into the afterlife. Some of the seats are permanent, and those are chosen by election amongst the vampires who managed to qualify for the decade-long temporary seats. The temporary seats are open to all, but each must enter and win a fight to the death and then control the bloodlust enough to walk – not run, not jog, and not flee – back to the council.

“Well,” Will mutters, “I guess that’s impressive.”

Dr. Lecter should probably be offended. Instead, the bastard just *smiles*, like Will has made his day.

“Even if I was about to go feral like a monster,” Dr. Lecter says mildly, neatly pushing eggs onto his utensils, “I imagine you would do just fine. Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters.”

“Humans are more likely to be the kind of monsters I go after than vamps or wolves.”

“Hmm. We tend to police our own.”

“Is that what you did on the council? ‘Police’ your own?”

“Me? No. I endeavored to make sure that we were problem free. It ensured there was nothing for us to feel horrible about. Do you feel horrible, Will?”

“Nope.”

Dr. Lecter puts down his fork. His gaze is rather warm for an undead monster. Given that all Will has done is insult the guy, he has no idea why he’s regarded so fondly. He definitely used his father’s cologne before he got dressed – but then again, Dr. Lecter was able to smell past it beforehand.

“You know what,” Dr. Lecter says, “I think Agent Crawford sees you as only a fragile little teacup, meant only for the special guests.”

Will can’t help but laugh at that. “Guests to our special forts of silver and dead man’s blood and straightjackets, maybe.”

Still, Dr. Lecter isn’t wrong; Jack has more than once steered Will away from a more straightforward case and dumped a more horrendous case in his lap instead. Case in point: the Minnesota Shrike. And if Jack didn’t know he was a vampire, then they hadn’t known each other that long, which means Dr. Lecter makes associations as fast as Will, perhaps.

“So then, Dr. Lecter: how do you see me?”

The smile he gets for that is dark and promising, at the very edge of enthrallment.

“Why,” says Dr. Lecter, voice rich and deep and dark, “as the mongoose I want under the house when the wolves creep on by.”

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When they get to the house, Will turns to Dr. Lecter to tell him to stay in the car only to see his nose wrinkling into a moue of distaste. It’s a very small moue, barely noticeable, but Dr. Lecter’s face is so hard to read that even the smallest sign of change speaks volumes to Will.

“Wolf, huh?”

“Unquestionably. Well, on the bright side, this means I do not need to contact the vampire council.”

“Yeah, let’s leave the notifications for the FBI,” Will says as he checks for his gun and his silver bullets. “The last thing we need are accusations of vampire bias in this case.”

“The prevalence of werewolves and vampires in law enforcement are about equal,” Dr. Lecter protests, but at the very least, he makes no move to take off his seat belt or get out of the car, so at least he has some common sense.

Then again, Dr. Lecter is strong enough to sit on the vampire council. One werewolf probably does not faze him.

Will later regrets making Dr. Lecter stay in the car, because with his enhanced senses, he probably would have heard Hobbs going crazy at the sight and sound of Will approaching. Instead, by the time he gets out of the car – probably to warn Will of just that – Hobbs's wife is bleeding out under Will's hands. She dies a quick death on the doorstep, because wolves and vamps alike can tear out a human throat in seconds, so Will grabs his gun and kicks down the door.

When he gets to the kitchen, he finds Hobbs holding a knife to his daughter. Her shoulder is already oozing with a fresh bite and she's already beginning to shudder as the virus courses through her system, but Hobbs has a silver knife.

Silver will kill her faster than the bite.

Will is firing before he even makes the conscious decision to. One bullet causes the knife to fly out of Hobbs's hand, and Will barely manages to catch the girl with one arm as she falls.

Hobbs falls too, but he sinks his teeth into Will's outstretched arm, ignoring how Will fires on reflex and embeds yet another silver bullet into his body. Even in their death throes, werewolves can still manage to have the last bite, and a bite at full strength and a half-hearted bite both carry the same powerful virus.

But Will can't think about that now. He has a twitching girl in his arms, and Hobbs will be dead in seconds from the silver.

Unfortunately, with the virus making its way through Will's system, the second he tries to stem the blood gushing through the wound opened up on her neck by the silver knife, his own fingers burn. Wounds caused by silver are just as deadly on the outside as they are on the inside, and Will braces himself to watch an entire family destroyed.

Which is when Dr. Lecter sweeps in, eyes sharp and focused, to carefully nudge Will's burning fingers aside and cover her throat efficiently.

It's a bit odd, a vampire saving a werewolf.

But if it means the girl lives, Will isn't going to protest.

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Afterwards, when Dr. Lecter has seen the girl off into the competent hands of the EMTs and dodged all the FBI agents crawling all over the house, he comes to Will. Will is sitting on the hood of his car, still covered in blood, because eventually Jack is going to turn up and he isn't going to bother leaving when Jack'll just drag him back out for his statement. His only concession has been to take the offered shock blanket.

"Let me see it, Will."

"Hmm? I'm fine."

Dr. Lecter raises one eyebrow. “I can smell it, Will.” He pauses. “I was an emergency room doctor before I switched to psychiatry. You can let me see it, or you can let me notify the medics you have an unassessed werewolf bite.”

“I’m not rejecting the bite, otherwise I’d be writhing on the floor,” Will mutters, but he doesn’t stop Dr. Lecter from pushing aside the blanket and inspecting the bite with a critical eye.

His fingers are cold. Will doesn’t flinch though. The cold is welcome against the burning of the virus churning in his bloodstream.

Dr. Lecter checks his eyes, scans his ears, peers into his mouth, and then listens to his heartbeat. He also sniffs Will again, which Will sighs and deals with – if Dr. Lecter wants to get an inhalation of wolf that’s his problem. However, he doesn’t seem at all bothered; perhaps his career in the emergency room prepared him to handle wolves and vamps alike. He surely would have seen a few patients come in undergoing or, worse, rejecting the Change.

“You are correct,” Dr. Lecter says. “Your heartbeat is elevated, but not dangerously so. In twenty four hours, you’ll be eligible to join a Pack.”

To his credit, he even manages to sound completely okay with that.

Will blows out a long sigh and lets his head slump forward. Dr. Lecter steadies him immediately, of course, wrapping an arm around his back and allowing his head to rest against Dr. Lecter’s chest.

“I don’t want to join a Pack,” Will says tiredly. “I’d go crazy with all of that touching.”

“You know the fate of lone wolves as well as I do.”

“Yeah, but my sire is kind of dead right now. That carries a stigma. They’re more likely to put me down.”

“I would not let them.”

Dr. Lecter almost growls the words, like he’s a wolf himself, and Will smiles into his chest. His sweater is very soft and Will almost wants to try falling asleep on it to see if this entire adventure has been a dream.

But Dr. Lecter continues, “I will petition the nearest Pack to accept you. I am not without clout in Virginia and Maryland.”

“I’d still be without a sire,” Will points out. “And there’ll be no one to show me the way.”

“I am your friend, Will, werewolf or human. I won’t abandon you.”

Will tries to imagine it, being in a Pack with a bunch of suspicious strangers who’ll want to cover him in their scent and move into their den and eat and play and live with them. He

can't imagine it for more than a few days; after that he'd likely turn his father's knife on himself to escape.

There's no cure for the Change, after all. You're an Other, or you're a human.

Then a new idea begins to take root. There is no cure, but there is a way to avoid Pack and full moon craziness and tearing apart the pieces of his wardrobe he doesn't sweat through. And he wouldn't have to wander blindly into his new life without a sire to guide him. After all, being a werewolf or vampire sometimes skips generations, and vampires and werewolves will actively Change their families to protect them from a different kind of Change.

Will rolls it around in his head. On one hand, being a vampire won't suck that much less than being a werewolf.

On the other hand, it'll suck in ways that Will can live with.

"Hannibal," Will murmurs.

"Yes, Will?"

"Do you think I'd make a good vampire?"

Hannibal's arms tighten around him. Somehow they're now hugging, and Will hadn't even noticed. It feels really nice though. He'd almost accuse Hannibal of enthrallment but for the fact that he knows most people undergoing the Change tend to be a bit loopy as the virus or the venom rewrites their entire body.

"I think you would have made a beautiful vampire," Hannibal breathes. "The sight of you would have been glorious."

Will takes a deep breath. "Change me, Hannibal. I consent."

Hannibal goes still with shock. It's barely noticeable, but Hannibal does usually keep up the pretense of the minute movements that come with breathing and all the other little things humans do. Now he's as still as stone. "It's an . . . unorthodox request. You are not rejecting the bite. In twenty four hours you will be a werewolf."

"But I could be a vampire in less than an hour. Faster, if you're good at killing me and putting fangs in my neck to replace my blood with venom."

"Will. You cannot take this choice back. No werewolf will bite you to counteract my venom."

Will pulls back, but only his head. He keeps his arms tangled around Hannibal, because he needs something to ground him in reality and awareness. He just needs enough eye contact to make sure that Hannibal can see that is completely and totally serious. Hannibal is good enough at reading body language to understand what his actions mean.

"I consent, Hannibal of Clan Lecter," Will says, firmly and loudly, so there can be no mistake. "I humbly request that you give me the Change, so that I might become a vampire."

Hannibal looks into his eyes, and Will reads pride and joy and a deep sense of satisfaction.

“I hear your request, Will Graham,” Hannibal replies, just as firmly and loudly, practically humming with anticipation. “And I accept it.”

Then with the speed of a vampire and the ease of long practice, he snaps Will’s neck.

Will doesn’t even feel it when Hannibal bears his fangs and sinks in, drinking his blood in deep, long pulls as he drags out the werewolf virus kicking and screaming and begins to replace it with his own potent venom.

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Will wakes up under an open sky, dressed in the softest clothes he’s ever felt. Everything feels more intense now, since he can see so much more, hear so much more, and smell so much more.

Right now, though, all he smells is just Hannibal and himself.

Will pushes himself up. His arm, when he goes to look at it, is completely clean and unmarred; Hannibal must’ve made sure to bite there as well, so that the venom would override the virus and prevent the typical raised scars that usually occur when vampires and werewolves clash.

He’s a brand new vampire now. He’ll be sensitive to sunlight for at least a century, he’ll disintegrate if he’s exposed to dead man’s blood, and he’ll have to register with the vampire council and with the humans.

It’s a bit funny, though. He’s never felt more alive than now, when he has just joined the ranks of the undead.

“Hello, Will.”

Hannibal appears out of the darkness, dressed casually in a red sweater and khakis. He even has his hands in his pocket, as if he’s completely at ease, but Will can read him now – he can read his face, and he can sense the echoes of Hannibal’s mind through the venom-connection they now share. No matter what, he and Hannibal will always be able to find each other now, for they are bound in ways only those connected by venom or virus can be.

“Hello, Hannibal,” Will replies. “Did you bathe me before you dressed me?”

“I was not going to have my house smell of wolf.”

“Hmm. I suppose you got enough practice dressing corpses from your . . . extracurricular activities.”

“I stopped practicing emergency medicine quite some time ago, Will.”

Will snorts. “I can feel your mind, Hannibal. I know you. All of you. Your venom courses through my veins now, remember?”

Hannibal regards him through bright red eyes. He must have just hunted and fed, then, either to ensure that he would have the strength to flee or to ensure that Will would have a fresh meal awaiting him when the Change was finished and he awakened.

Then again, Will knows Hannibal now. He knows Hannibal has no intention of fleeing, no matter what.

All the same, Hannibal asks, almost playfully, “Are you going to turn me in, Will?”

Will has always been interested in the Chesapeake Ripper, but never in the same way as Jack. Jack had wanted to catch the Ripper, to put him in chains and parade him in the media and to know that this monster was understood and thus conquered. Will has never wanted to conquer the Ripper. Will just wants to understand him.

“What’s there to report?” Will says casually. “It’s just a vampire hunting pigs. We are allowed to consume animal blood as an alternative to human blood.”

And the look on Hannibal’s face – the adoration, the sheer joy, the devotion that wants to hold Will tight and sink its fangs in and never ever let go – that is the reason why Will asked Hannibal to turn him. For all that he keeps people at arm’s length, he’s never wanted to be truly alone; it’s why he has dogs to cuddle with. He just knew that he needed to find the right people to be not-alone with.

Turns out the right person was a pretentious vampire.

“Welcome to Clan Lecter, Will,” Hannibal says. “Come; it’s time for your first meal. I can’t let my mate go hungry.”

FINIS

End Notes

A/N: And then they go off and get married in a human court because Hannibal really wants to show off his Will, and then they raise werewolf!Abigail together.

Also FYI . . . this was supposed to be crack. Originally I intended this to be "haha what if Hanni was a vamp and when Will meets him in Jack's office he makes Hanni enthrall Jack so Will can give Hanni a piece of his mind". Then it grew legs and ran away from me at vampire speed.

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